

ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

BIDE DUDLEY

Despite the fact that his managerial duties are multitudinous, Oliver Morosco insists on doing a little playwriting himself now and then. He has recently obtained the American rights to a comedy called "Ann," by Lachumore Worrall, produced in London in June, 1915, by Sir Charles Wyndham with Mary Moore prominently cast. The comedy has a record of three years in London and the provinces of the British Isles. Mr. Morosco is to rewrite it, add musical numbers and produce it in Los Angeles at his theatre there. If it looks like a success he will bring it to New York.

Mr. Morosco has done much "authoring" in his time. Most of his efforts, however, have been consigned to oblivion in his true two-bits musicals—are well known in the amusement world. They are "Pretty Mrs. Smith," in which Fritz Schaff started at the Casino about eighteen months ago, and "No Long, Letty," now running in San Francisco. Elmer Harris assisted in writing the books and lyrics for these. Mr. Morosco will rewrite "Ann" alone.

ANNA HELD GOING WEST.

Anna Held is due to leave to-day for California to act before the "film camera." Her first scenario will be one written by Capt. Leise Peacock. If he finishes it in time. If it isn't ready she will be given the Fanny Ward part in "Madam President," which is to be reproduced in pictures.

FRAZEE HAS ANOTHER.

H. H. Frazee is never happy unless he has a theatrical production under way. Having given the farce, "Sherman Was Right," its chance in New York to no avail, he has arranged to produce a play by Aaron Hoffman. At present it is in the form of a one-act playlet and is called "The Cherry Tree." Mr. Frazee saw it in vaudeville and immediately acquired the rights to it and commissioned Mr. Hoffman to develop it into a three-act play. In order to accept the arrangement, Mr. Hoffman had to have some remunerative vaudeville bookings cancelled.

BEANE WAS SCARED.

Fred Beane, who was stage manager for Doris Keane in "Romance" in London, has returned to New York. As he walked down the gangplank of a ship the other day a friend met him and asked about the success of "Romance."

"Never mind, now!" replied Mr. Beane. "None of that Zeppelin stuff in mine!"

"Is Miss Keane well?" was next asked. "Any city that has bombs falling in it every week is no place for me," said Beane.

"How long do you think the play will run over there?"

"One of 'em almost got me," said the returned traveller.

And with a wild glance around he leaped into a taxicab and ordered the driver to turn on all the faucets.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

When father was twenty, he loves to relate, there wasn't a man anywhere in the State on whom girls lavished the favors and smiles that fell to his lot just because of his wiles. He's modest, he says, but he'll never forget the way they adored him—it's in his mind yet. And when mother wed him the shock was severe to dozens of fair ones around far and near. When dad's reminiscent like that I have found it's when he thinks mother's not hanging around. His heart-breaking conquests oft bring him regret. You'd think father won every girl he ever met. Oh, he was a devil when he was a youth. He even admits it and swears by it.

And when we are awed father quickens his pace and shines as a rascal all over the place. One night he was talking with mother came in. She caught what he said and it caused her to grin. "Oh, piffle!" she muttered. "You're just an old fool. Don't tell such big stories. You're crazy! Keep cool!" "Wasn't pity that made me become Mrs. Brown. You know at least seventeen girls turned you down. Do cut out the bragging. It's silly—you must." And father went out in the kitchen and cussed.

PLAYS FOR THE SCREEN.

The Adolf Philipp Company, through the efforts of Paul Philipp, has acquired from more than forty dramatic authors, or their heirs, the motion picture rights to the works of the writers. Several scenario writers have been engaged, and these, in conjunction with Adolf Philipp, are preparing plays for screen production.

GOSSIP.

"Sadie Love" will open in Hartford to-morrow night. Marion Murray has been added to the cast.

Col. John Macaulay, proprietor of Macaulay's Theatre, Louisville, is seriously ill and reports say there is little hope for his recovery.

Frederick Ross, playing the leading role in "Quinn's," is to address the

The Cover of the Mother Goose Fairy Book

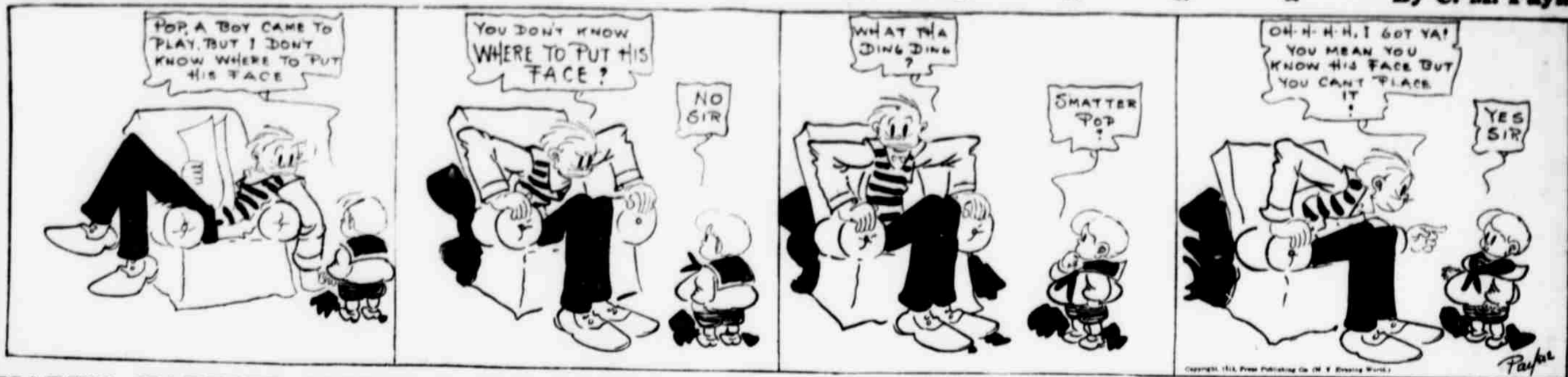
WAS PRINTED IN THE EVENING WORLD MONDAY, OCT. 11.

IF YOU DID NOT GET IT SEND US A 2-CENT STAMP FOR THE EVENING WORLD OF THAT DATE. THE ADDITIONAL PAGES OF THIS BOOK WILL APPEAR THREE TIMES A WEEK. A 2-CENT STAMP WILL BRING ANY BACK NUMBER WANTED TO MAKE THE BOOK COMPLETE.



"S'MATTER, POP!"

By C. M. Payne



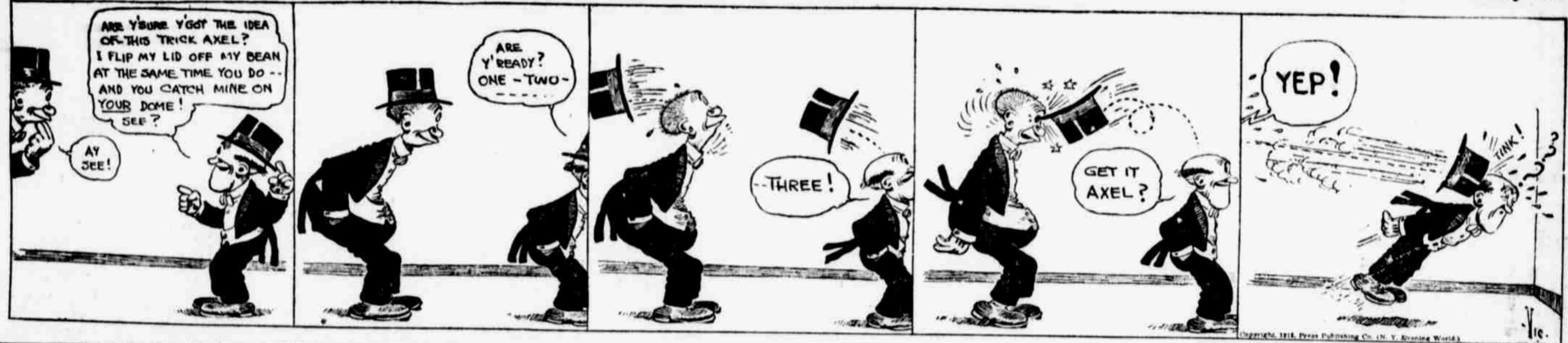
MARY'S MARRIED LIFE—Pa Just Thought He'd Call Ma's Little Bluff!

By Thornton Fisher



FLOOEY AND AXEL—If Axel Ever Did a Thing Right It Would Look Like a Mistake!

By Vic



THE MOTHER GOOSE FAIRY BOOK

Page 10 By Eleanor Schorer



Of three lovely maids who adored him, Jack the Giant Killer knew not which to wed. "Is it for the wealth of the dead giants, for my cleverness, strength, beauty or my faultless disposition, that they love me?" he pondered. Hard it was to find a maid worthy to marry such a collection of rare virtues, so Jack decided that the one who loved him truest should be his bride.

Ann and Zeda loved him true. Lola was only ambitious. You and I know this, but Jack did not. First to Ann he went, saying: "My wealth is gone." "Oh, papa will never let you come here again!" she exclaimed, looking up with dry eyes; her grief was too deep for tears. Jack left her, thinking, "It's riches she wanted, not me! Not a tear at parting! Clever miss, she lays all blame on her father."



Zeda loved him for his valor and bravery. To her he next came. By clever art he had made his mouth wry, one eye squinted, also he stooped and hobbled upon a cane. "Ah me! You can never be a hero again!" grieved Zeda. Directly he left her, saying she loved him not truly if she loved him not without his strength and beauty and heroic deeds.

Then he rushed to where Lola was. This clever maid saw at once by what art he disfigured his face and form. Pretending not to see through the ruse she fell to her knees and said how honored she was at this visit. "My temper is bad and my wealth is gone." "What does that matter?" she answered, for she knew that naught he said was true. "This maid loves me truly," quoth Jack. And he married her.

FACT AND FICTION

By Hazen Conklin

LIQUIDATING their interiors keeps some men from liquidating their debts.

OUR ENCYCLOPEDIA.

TROUBLE—The only thing in the world that those who hunt for it are sure to find.

TIP—An outgo tax.

TACK—A device for teaching the one-step at a private hop.

WHY IS IT that all these smart Ales you meet never seem to be holding down jobs commensurate with their self-importance?

FAMOUS BACK-OUTS.

Oh, excuse me! I made a mistake in the berth numbers!

Pardon me! I thought you were alone. I didn't know you had company!

Horrors, Ella! This isn't a drug store; it's a saloon!

Oh! I thought this elevator stopped at ALL the floors!

HOT STUFF.

A rover who hailed from Killarney Tried eating some chili con carne. He punched the poor waiter Right in the equator: "Ye said it was 'chilly,' goldarnye!"

HICKVILLE DOINGS.

Hod Brooks spent a peaceful evening at home last night. His wife had spent the afternoon licking labels to stick on her preserve jars and her tongue stuck to the roof of her mouth.

Mrs. Ezra Hicks's hired girl Mary, who is hard of hearing, lost the chance of a lifetime yesterday. Mrs. Hicks asked her if she'd like an extra afternoon off every week and Mary didn't hear her.

WE CEASE TO MARVEL at a cat having nine lives when we consider our office boy's grandmother.

THEY NEVER COME BACK. The umbrella you loaned.

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